

The History of

Moore-ditch?

F. If. Thou hast the most vnflauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely, in the streete too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for Wisdome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damn'd iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: He bee damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, *Jack*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one : and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying, to Purse-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*; 'tis no sin for a man
to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poyner.*

Enter Poyner.

Poy. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a match: *O*, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poy. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounsieur* Remorse? What sayes sir *John Saske* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prince. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his
bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Promerbs: he will giue
the Diuell his due.

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Paines. Then art thou dam
the Diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had beene dam
Poy. But my lads, my lads,
clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there an
ry with rich offerings, and Tra
purſes. I haue wizards for you
ſelves: *Gads-Hill* lies to night in
per to morrow night in *Eaſte*
ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtu
if you will not, tarry at home an

Far, Heare yee, Yedward, i
hang you for going.

Pay, You will, chops?

Fol. Hall, wilt thou make

Prince. Who, I rob? I at

Fals. Ther's neither honesty, nor
in thee; nor thou camst not of t
not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then once in

Fals. Why; thats well said.

Prince. Well, come what may

Falls, By the Lord He be a tra

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir John, I prethee leaue
lay him downe such reasons for

Fals. Wel, God giue thee the
eares of profiting, that what th

he heares may be beleued, that
fake) proue a false theet; for the
countenance farewell, you sh

Pri. Farewel the latter spring

Pay. Now my good sweet
row. I have a least to execut

Falstaffe, Hurney, Rosill, and Ga
we have already way-laid; you
and when they have the booty
ent this head from my shoulder.